

THE BYME-BY MAN.

I knew a byme-by man,
I'll introduce to you,
And fancy many wives
Will say: "I know him, too."
You'll find him on a farm
(Inherited you knew)
For at earning money
He is so very slow.

He meets you at the gate
And greets you with a sigh;
Says he will mend that gate
Some rainy day by-me-by.
He's had so much to do
He's had no time to spare;
It really seems to him
He has a world of care.

Then, too, the whole porch floor
Is rotted to the ground,
And gross neglect is seen
In everything around.
He hastens to assert
That things have gone awry,
There's been so much to do
He'll fix them up by-me-by.

You'll find that he burns wood
As green as it can be,
But promises his wife
That next year she will see
He'll have good seasoned wood.
Poor soul! she heaves a sigh.
She knows full well he'll break
This promise by and by.

For thirty years and more
Each year it's been just so,
With not a promise kept,
Although years come and go.
And is it any wonder
When people hear him plan,
They shake their heads in doubt,
For he's a byme-by man.

—Rose L. Bates, in Ohio Farmer.

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Some mad thought took me, I believe, that the mere fierceness and heat of my kisses would bring her back again to life and wakefulness. Indeed, I will own plainly that I did not sorry credit to my training in calmness that night. But she lay in my arms cold and nerveless as a corpse, and by degrees my sober wits returned to me.

This was no place for either of us. Let the earth's tremors cease (as was plainly threatened), let daylight come, and let a few of these nerveless people round recover from their panic, and all the great cost that had been expended might be counted as waste. We should be seen, and it would not be long before some one put a name to Nais; and then it would be an easy matter to guess at Deucalion under the beard and the shaggy hair and the browned nakedness of the savage who attended on her. Tell of fright? By the gods! I was scared as the veriest trembler who blundered among the dust-clouds that night when the thought came to me.

It was hard to find a direction; it was hard to walk in that inky darkness over the ground that was tossed and tumbled like a frozen sea; and as the earth still quaked and heaved, it was hard also to keep a footing. But if I did fall myself a score of times, my dear burden got no bruise, and presently I got to the skirts of the square and found a street I knew. The most venomous part of the shaking was done, and no more buildings fell, but enough lay sprawled over the roadway to make walking into a climb, and the sweat rolled from me as I labored along my way.

There was no difficulty about passing the gate. There was no gate. There was no wall. The gods had driven their plow through it, and it lay flat, and proud Atlantis stood as defenseless as the open country. Though I knew the cause of this ruin, though in fact I had myself in some measure incited it, I was almost sad at the ruthlessness with which it had been carried out. The royal pyramid might go, houses and palaces might be leveled, and for these I cared little enough; but when I saw those stately ramparts also felled away, there the soldier in me woke, and I grieved at this humbling of the mighty city that once had been my only mistress.

But this was only a passing regret, a mere touch of the fighting-man's pride. I had a different love now, that had wrapped herself round me far deeper and more tightly, and my duty was towards her first and foremost. The night would soon be past, and then dangers would increase. None had interfered with us so far, though many had jostled us as I clambered over the ruins; but this forbearance could not be reckoned upon for long. The earth-tremors had almost died away, and after the panic and the storm, then comes the time for the spoiling.

All men who were poor would try to seize what lay nearest to their hands, and those of higher station, and any soldiers who could be collected and still remained true to command, would ruthlessly stop and strip any man they saw making off with plunder. I had no mind to clash with these guardians of law and property, and so I fled on swiftly through the night with my burden, using the unfrequented ways, and crying to the few folk who did meet me that the woman had the plague, and would they lend me the shelter of their house, as ours had fallen. And so in time we came to the place where the rope dangled from the precipice, and after Nais had been drawn up to the safety of the Sacred Mountain, I put my leg in the loop of the rope and followed her.

Now came what was the keenest anxiety of all. We took the girl and laid her on a bed in one of the houses, and there in the lit room for the first time I saw her clearly. Her beauty was drawn and pale. Her eyes were closed, but so thin and transparent had grown the lids that one could almost see the brown of the pupils be-

neath them. Her hair had grown to inordinate thickness and length, and lay as a cushion behind and beside her head.

There was no flicker of breath; there was none of that pulsing of the body which denotes life; but still she had not the appearance of ordinary death. The Nais I had placed nine long years before to rest in the hollow of the stone was a fine grown woman, full-bodied and well-boned. The Nais that remained for me was half her weight. The old Nais it would have puzzled me to carry for an hour; this was no burden to impede a grown man.

In other ways too she had altered. The nails of her fingers had grown to such a great length that they were twisted in spirals, and the fingers themselves and her hands were so waxy and transparent that the bony core upon which they were built showed itself beneath the flesh in plain dull outline. Her clay-cold lips were so white that one sighed to remember the full beauty of their carmine. Her shoulders and neck had lost their comely curves, and made bony hollows now in which the dust of entombment lodged black and thickly.

Reverently I set about preparing those things which if all went well would restore her. I heated water and filled a bath, and tintured it heavily with those essences of the life of beasts which the priests extract and store against times of urgent need and sickness. I laid her chin-deep in this bath, and sat beside it to watch, maintaining that bath at a constant blood heat.

An hour I watched; two hours I watched; three hours—and yet she showed no flicker of life. The heat of her body given her by the bath was the same as the heat of my own. But in the feel of her skin when I stroked it with my hand there was something lacking still. Only when our Lord the Sun rose for his day did I break off my watching, while I said the necessary prayer which is prescribed, and quickly returned again to the gloom of the house.

It is hard to take note of small changes which occur with infinite slowness when one is all the while on the tense watch, and high-strung though my senses were, I think there must have been some indication of returning life shown before I was keen enough to notice it. For of a sudden, as I gazed, I saw a faint rippling on the surface of the water of the bath. Gods! would it come back again to my love at last—this life, this wakefulness? The ripple died out as it had come, and I stooped my head nearer to the bath to try if I could see some faint heaving of her bosom, some small twitching of the limbs. No, she lay there still without even a flutter of movement. But as I watched, surely it seemed to my aching eyes that some tinge was beginning to warm that blank whiteness of skin?

How I filled myself with that sight. The color was returning to her again beyond a doubt. Once more the dried blood was becoming fluid and beginning again to course in its old channels. Her hair floated out in the liquid of the bath like some brown tangle of the ocean weed, and ever and again it



WE TOOK THE GIRL AND LAID HER ON A BED IN ONE OF THE HOUSES.

twitched and eddied to some impulse which in itself was too small for the eye to see.

She had slept for nine long years, and I knew that the awakening could be none of the suddenest. Indeed, it came by its own gradations and with infinite slowness, and I did not dare do more to hasten it. Further drugs might very well stop eternally what those which had been used already had begun. So I sat motionless where I was, and watched the color come back, and the waxiness go, and even the fullness of her curves in some small measure return. And when growing strength gave her power to endure them, and she was racked with those pains which are inevitable to being borne back again in this fashion to life, I, too, felt the reflex of her agony, and writhed in loving sympathy.

Still further, too, was I wrung by a torment of doubt as to whether life or these rackings would in the end be conqueror. After each paroxysm the color ebbed back from her again, and for awhile she would lie motionless. But strength and power seemed gradually to grow, and at last these prevailed, and drove death and sleep beneath them. Her eyelids struggled with their fastenings. Her lips parted, and her bosom heaved. With shivering gasps her breath began to pant between her reddening lips. At first it rattled dryly in her throat, but soon it softened and became more regular. And then with a last effort her eyes, her glorious, loving eyes, slowly opened.

I leaned over and called her softly by name.

Her eyes met mine, and a glow arose from their depths that gave me the greatest joy I have met in all the world. "Deucalion, my love," she whispered. "Oh, my dear, so you have come for me. How I have dreamed of you! How

I have been racked! But it was worth it all for this!"

CHAPTER XVI.

STORM OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.
It was Nais herself who sent me to attend to my sterner duties. The din of the attack came to us in the house where I was tending her, and she asked its meaning. As pithily as might be, for she was in no condition for tedious listening, I gave her the history of her nine years' sleep.

The color flushed more to her face. "My lord is the properest man in all the world to be king," she whispered. She closed her eyes then, lying back among the cushions where I had placed her, and dropped off into healthy sleep, with the smiles still playing upon her lips. I put the coverlet over her, and kissed her lightly, holding back my beard lest it should sweep her cheek. And then I went out of the chamber.

That heard had grown vastly disagreeable to me these last hours, and I then went into a room in the house, and found instruments, and shaved it down to the bare chin. A change of robe also I found there, and took it instead of my squalid rags. If a man is in truth a king, he owes these things to the dignity of his office.

But, if the din of the fighting was any guide, mine was a narrowing kingdom. Every hour it seemed to grow fiercer and more near, and it was clear that some of the gates in the passage up the cleft in the cliff, impregnable though all men had thought them, had yielded to the vehemence of Phoenice's attack. And, indeed, it was scarcely to be marvelled at. With all her genius spurred on to fury by the blow that had been struck at her by wrecking so fair a part of the city, the empress would be no light adversary even for a strong place to resist, and the Sacred Mountain was no longer strong.

Defenses of stone, cunningly planned and mightily built, it still possessed, but these will not fight alone. They need men to line them, and, moreover, abundance of men. For always in a storm of this kind some desperate fellows will spit at death and get to hand grips, or slingers and archers slip in their shot, or the throwing-fire gets home, or (as here) some new-fangled machine like Phoenice's fire tubes make one in a thousand of their wavering darts find the life; and so, though the general attacking loses his hundreds, the defenders also are not without their dead.

The slaughter, as it turned out, had been prodigious. As fast as the stormers came up, the priests who held the lowest gate remaining to us rained down great rocks upon them till the narrow alley of the stair was paved with their writhing dead. But Phoenice stood on a spur of the rock below them urging on the charges, and with an insane valor company after company marched up to hurl themselves hopelessly against the defenses. They had no machines to batter the massive gates, and their attack was as pathetically useless as that of a child who hammers against a wall with an orange; and meanwhile the terrible stones from above mowed them down remorselessly.

Company after company of the troops marched into this terrible death trap, and not a man of all of them ever came back. Nor was it Phoenice's policy that they should do so. In her lust for this final conquest, she was minded to pour out troops till she had filled up the passes with the slain, so that at last she might march on to a level fight over the bridge of their poor bodies. It was no part of Phoenice's mood ever to count the cost. She set down the object which was to be gained, and it was her policy that the people of Atlantis were there to gain it for her.

Two gates then had she carried in this dreadful fashion, slaughtering those priests that stood behind them who had not been already shot down. And here I came down from above to take my share in the fight. There was no trumpet to announce my coming, no herald to proclaim my quality, but the priests as a sheer custom picked up "Deucalion!" as a battle cry; and some shouted that, with a king to lead, there would be no further ground lost.

It was clear that the name carried to the other side and bore weight with it. A company of poor, doomed wretches who were hurrying up stopped in their charge. The word "Deucalion!" was banded round and handed back down the line. I thought, with some grim satisfaction, that here was evidence I was not completely forgotten in the land.

There came shouts to them from behind to carry on their advance; but they did not budge; and presently a glittering officer panted up, and commenced to strike right and left among them with his sword. From where I stood on the high rampart above the gate I could see him plainly and recognized him at once.

"It matters not what they use for their battle cry," he was shouting. "You have the orders of your divine empress, and that is enough. You should be proud to die for her wish, you cowards. And if you do not obey, you will die afterwards under the instruments of the tormentors, very painfully. As for Deucalion, he is dead any time these nine years."

"There it seems you lie, my Lord Tatho!" I shouted down to him.

He started and looked up at me. "So you are there in real truth, then? Well, old comrade, I am sorry. But it is too late to make a composition now. You are on the side of these mangy priests, and the empress has made an edict that they are to be rooted out, and I am her most obedient servant."

"You used to be skillful of fence," I said, and indeed there was little enough to choose between us. "If it please you to stop this pitiful killing, make yourself the champion of your side, and I will stand for mine, and we will fight out this quarrel in some fair

place, and bind our parties to abide the result."

"It would be a grand fight between us two, old friend, and it goes hard with me to balk you of it. But I cannot pleasure you. I am general here under Phoenice, and she has given me the strongest orders not to permit myself. And besides, though you are a great man, Deucalion, you are not chief. You are not even one of the three."

"I am king."

Tatho laughed. "Few but yourself would say so, my lord."

"Few, truly, but what they are they are powerful. I was given the name for the first time yesterday, and as a first blow in the campaign there was some mischief done in the city. I was there myself, and saw how you took it."

"You were in Atlantis!"

"I went for Nais. She is on the mountain now, and to-morrow will be my queen. Tatho, as a priest to a priest, let me solemnly bring to your memory the infinite power you bite against on this Sacred Mountain. Your teaching has warned you of the weapons that are stored in the Ark of the Mysteries. If you persist in this attack, at the best you can merely lose; at the worst you can bring about a wreck over which even the high gods will shudder as they order it."

"You cannot scare us back now by words," said Tatho, doggedly. "And as for magic, it will be met by magic. Phoenice has found by her own cleverness as many powers as were ever stored up in the Ark of the Mysteries."

"Yet she looked on helplessly enough last night, when her royal pyramid was trundled into a rubbish heap. Zaemon had prophesied that this should be so, and for a witness, why, I myself stood closer to her than we two stand now, and saw her."

"I will own you took her by surprise somewhat there. I do not understand these matters myself; I was never more than one of the seven in the old days; and now, quite rightly, Phoenice keeps the knowledge of her magic to herself; but it seems time is needed when one magic is to be met by another."

"Well," I said, "I know little about the business either. I leave these matters now to those who are higher above me in the priesthood. Indeed, having a liking for Nais, I seem I am debarred from ever being given understanding about the highest of the high mysteries. So I content myself with being a soldier, and when the appointed day comes, I shall fall and kiss my mother the earth for the last time. You, so I am told, have ambition for longer life."

He nodded. "Phoenice has found the Great Secret, and I am to be the first that will share it with her. We shall be as gods upon the earth, seeing that death will be powerless to touch us. And the twin sons she has borne me will be made immortal also."

[To Be Continued.]

STORY WITHOUT AN END.

The Author Was Invented and Had to Be Choked Off by the Publisher.

Have you heard of my friend P., who used to write for the *Stable Boys' Own*? The publisher of that remarkable paper—I am not sure that it had an editor—offered P. a cent a word for a story of adventure, and P. agreed to write it in chapters, supplying them weekly till the tale had been told, relates the Independent. The chapters went to press as fast as they came. Presently the publisher became restive. People in this story were doing extraordinary things, and never getting anywhere. P. left them in the most awful plights whenever he wrote "To be continued in our next." At the sixtieth chapter he was no nearer a solution of the plot than he had been in the sixth. The publisher wrote to P., begging him to close the narrative as quickly as possible, but P. replied with another batch, which ended, like the others, with the heroine hanging over an abyss by the eyebrows and the villain holding her would-be rescuer by the throat against a tree a mile away and chortling with ghoulish glee. Every chapter ended like that, so there simply had to be another one to explain it, and get the suffering people out of trouble. The publisher did not dare to interfere. His customers would insist on the end of the story. P. was an inventive cuss, and he kept that story going till the publisher's hair turned white and he drew, under his cent-a-word contract, about \$75 a week, and drank champagne. Violent threats at last obliged him to kill off most of his characters and write the long-delayed word, *Finis*.

Ran Out of Chalk.

At a gathering of ministers at Manchester, England, it was agreed that each person present should tell a short story. Dr. Watson's assistant minister refused to contribute his quota because the story personally concerned the doctor. But Dr. Watson insisted, and at length the story was told thus: "I had a dream and was told that to go to Heaven I must go to a certain flight of stairs and chalk my soles on each step as I went up. I was doing so when I saw the doctor coming down. I said: 'Doctor, man, you are going the wrong way. For what are you going down?' And the doctor answered lugubriously: 'More chalk!'"—Argonaut.

Rushed.

Parke—Are you doing much in your business now?
Lane—Well, I should say so. Why, we are so busy that we employ a man to insult new customers.—*Town Topics*.

A FRIGHTFUL WRECK.

Passenger Train Derailed on the Southern Pacific Road.

Fifteen Persons Were Instantly Killed and 28 More or Less Injured—Several of the Victims Were Cremated.

San Antonio, Tex., March 8.—A broken rail caused a frightful wreck on the Southern Pacific railroad near Maxons Station, 25 miles west of Sanderson. From the latest accounts received here 15 people were killed outright and 28 more or less injured.

Among the latter are George Ollenbergh, of Lexington, Ky., hand crushed, and H. J. Todd, of Frankfort, Ky., bruised.

The ill-fated train left San Antonio two and a half hours late and at the time the accident occurred was running at a high rate of speed in order to make up time. The road at the point where the wreck occurred is in a rough country, the curves being sharp and the grades heavy. It was when rounding a curve that the train left the track, it is said, on account of a broken rail.

The hour was 3 a. m., 15 hours after the train had left San Antonio, showing that it was still behind time. All the passengers were asleep and the shock that followed was the first intimation they had of the danger.

The train was going at such a rate of speed that the tender and engine landed 75 feet from where they left the rails. Cars behind piled up against the engine, caught fire and all were consumed except the sleepers. A private car owned by Thomas Ryan, of Bay City, Mich., with his family aboard, was attached to the rear of the train, but it was pulled away before the fire reached it and no one in it was injured.

All the injured in the coaches just behind the express and baggage cars were cremated. The people in the sleepers were saved with the assistance of the uninjured passengers.

The wrecked train was the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio west-bound passenger No. 9, and consisted of an engine, mail car, baggage car, one coach, one chair car, three tourist's sleepers, one Pullman sleeper and one private car.

The mail car, the baggage car and coaches were piled together against the engine and were ablaze in a few seconds. It was impossible to move any of the coaches or the tourist cars as they were all off the rails, and they were soon consumed by the flames.

So soon as it was possible to get in communication with division headquarters relief trains with surgeons and physicians were started from El Paso, Del Rio and Sandersen, picking up along the line all the surgeons that could be found.

All of the injured who were in a condition to be moved were sent to El Paso, where they are receiving careful attention.

MAY EXTEND THE REGENCY.

Incapacity of King Alfonso to Exercise the Functions of a Sovereign.

London, March 8.—The Daily Mail Saturday morning published a letter from its Madrid correspondent that all the important Spanish newspapers are discussing the possible necessity of prolonging the regency, owing to the incapacity of King Alfonso to exercise the functions of the sovereign.

There is talk of forming a sort of a king's council, says the letter, to be composed of the queen regent, the president of the cortes, the archbishop of Toledo and the ex-president of the council of ministers.

Another version of the story is that the queen regent is to prolong her regency for five years in order to enable the king to complete his education by travel, etc.

Miss Roosevelt Goes to Cuba.

Washington, March 8.—It is believed Miss Alice Roosevelt's trip to Cuba Sunday has been substituted for the proposed visit to the coronation of King Edward. The president, it is said, feels that his daughter has been brought into enough prominence during the social gaieties of the past season, and by reason of Prince Henry's visit.

Commandant Kritzinger's Punishment.

Berlin, March 8.—Extra editions of the evening newspapers here publish a report that Commandant Kritzinger, who was captured by Gen. French in December last, was, after being tried by court-martial, condemned to death, but that his sentence was commuted to banishment for life.

Leander Defeated Walthour.

Atlanta, Ga., March 8.—George Leander, of Chicago, defeated "Bobby" Walthour, of this city, in a motor-paced race of three five mile heats for a purse of \$400 and 60 per cent. of the gate receipts, Leander winning the first and last heats. Five thousand people saw the race.

A Fine Wedding Present.

New York, March 8.—Payne Whitney, who was recently married in Washington to the daughter of Secretary of State Hay, is to have a fine residence in upper Fifth avenue to cost, plot and building, about \$1,000,000, for a wedding present.

New Ambassador From England.

London, March 8.—The Yorkshire Post says it learns that Alfred Lyttleton is likely to succeed Lord Pauncefoot as British ambassador at Washington. Mr. Lyttleton is the liberal unionist member of parliament.

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Notice.

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